

Mixed Blessings

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Summary

They'd managed to get settled with a minimum of fuss; Will had only taken a look at the bed and sighed in resignation. Will showered first, Hannibal busying himself with looking over the crime scene photos that had been sent to them via email. Not a crime of his own, and in his view, amateur. He was sure this was their first kill. Hannibal occupied the next twenty minutes imagining all the ways he could have done better, even in his youth.

Notes

spawned from a conversation with ish, so ty for this taesty snacc hun.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

The universe seemed intent on finally doling out Hannibal's divine punishment that day.

Firstly, his syphon coffee maker had broken as he made his morning coffee, and repairs would not be cheap. They'd also likely to take several weeks when factoring in the time it would take to ship the piece to and from the only silversmith he trusted enough to correct the damage.

Secondly, he had been called to support Will Graham at a crime scene. Usually, this in and of itself wouldn't be a negative occurrence. In fact, in Hannibal's opinion, any time spent in Will's presence was well spent. However, this particular crime scene happened to be a several hour plane ride away. A several hour plane ride spent in cramped economy seats foisted upon him by the FBI having already paid for them.

The journey also included being crammed between an overly talkative Jimmy Price, and a irascible Jack Crawford, and not next to Will, who had managed to procure a window seat on the other side of the aisle.

Then, not long after they'd arrived, a snow storm had blown in. It had resulted in them having to go to ground until it passed, and on short notice in this weather and location, the only available rooms were at a run down motel that Hannibal scarcely believed performed adequate cleaning of rooms and linens after each guest.

Last but not least, the number of rooms meant everyone had to double up (except Mr. Crawford, who immediately took a room to himself, citing seniority). This left Hannibal to room with Will. Again, not a negative in itself, but the lone double bed and Will's irritable mood had made for an awkward start to the evening.

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When the bathroom door opened with a gush of humid air, he turned to see Will in his customary sleep attire of T-shirt and boxers. Hannibal grabbed his own pajama pants and sleep shirt, glad of the extra layers after seeing the state of the sheets, and made his way toward the bathroom.

As he passed Will, the scent of fresh semen hit him. Clearly it was why Will had taken longer than he'd said he would to shower, though he made no comment. Hannibal closed and locked the door behind him. As he stripped and stepped under the spray, he contemplated what scenarios Will had used to push himself toward climax.

Someone with as vivid an imagination as Will must have some fascinating fantasies, especially coupled with the darkness that he submerged himself in on a daily basis. Hannibal mused about whether Will accepted those fantasies, or fought them tooth and nail? If he did

indulge, was he consumed with shame afterward? What Hannibal wouldn't give to take a stroll along the winding halls of the forts in Will's mind.

Hannibal exited the shower and dressed for bed, emerging with his suit folded neatly over one arm. He pulled a hanger from his travel bag, hung his suit, and moved toward the bed where Will lay facing away from him. He climbed in beside him and settled on his back, hands over his middle and closed his eyes.

"Good night, Will."

There was no reply, though Hannibal was sure Will was still awake. Hannibal, however enthusiastic he had been at first about sharing a bed, soon realized his folly. Time slipped past and soon, he heard Will's breathing descend slow and even into the telltale rhythm of sleep.

Being in such close proximity to the current focus of his affections was making him realize just how much he longed to pull Will into his arms; to soothe away the furrow between his brows with a tender kiss. It was the most bittersweet form of torture he had encountered, knowing if he did just that at this stage, as Will was beginning to open to him, then he would risk losing ground in his grander battle to get closer to him. He'd surely scare Will off for good by being so forward.

The torture only got worse as the night progressed and Hannibal found himself unable to sleep; acutely aware of every minute shift of Will's body beside him. He attempted to sink into his mind palace to encourage slumber, but was snapped back to the present as Will completely changed position.

Where he'd been laying on his side facing away from Hannibal for the last two hours, now Will rolled onto his back, and threw his arm to the side, landing with his palm over Hannibal's crotch. Hannibal didn't dare move lest he wake Will from his, for once, peaceful and nightmare free slumber.

Seconds ticked by, turning themselves into minutes; then half an hour had passed as Hannibal lay there. Despite his best efforts to focus elsewhere, his mind turned traitor and presented him again and again with lustful imagery of Will, dragging out fantasies that more often occupied him when he was alone.

As Hannibal lay there, besieged by lurid imaginings of slick, hot skin and a symphony of pleasured sounds he was sure he could wring from Will, his cock hardened under the subtle shift and pressure upon it. In all the years that Hannibal had endured a myriad forms of pain, nothing compared to this. It took all his willpower to not rock his hips upward into the slack grasp.

Will shifted in his sleep once more, head rolling to the side and hitting Hannibal's shoulder at the same time his hand twitched, giving a light squeeze against his cock. The briefly tightened grip had Hannibal letting out a tense groan though he held himself still. Will made a soft noise as his eyes fluttered and opened, Hannibal watching and admiring how beautiful he appeared with his expression so laden with sleep.

Hooded lids wavered for a moment before opening fully. In the sliver of light from a badly placed street lamp cast through the gap in the curtains, Hannibal saw Will's brows furrow as his position registered in his sleep fogged brain.

"Shit, sorry, I didn't mean-" Will's words died in his throat as he noticed the hardness beneath his hand and Hannibal's heavier than usual breathing. He squinted in the dim light and could just make out the slightly slack jawed expression on Hannibal's face.

His expression twisted in confusion for a brief moment, hesitating before he gave an experimental grope. Doing so forced a strained groan from Hannibal's throat, hips bucking into the firm touch.

A soft plea fell from Hannibal's lips.

"O-oh..." Will breathed, the realisation of what was going on hitting him. He began to rub his palm in firm lines along the shaft. He watched in apparent fascination as Hannibal's tongue flicked out to wet his lips, eyes black pits in the dark room. Hannibal's hips rocked up in slow, barely there movements and he moved a hand up to cup Will's cheek.

Will hesitated for a moment then leaned into Hannibal's touch, turning his head and pressing his lips to Hannibal's palm. At the same time, his own hand slipped beneath the waistband of Hannibal's sleep pants. Fingers brushed through Hannibal's pubic hair and wrapped around the base of his erection, giving a soft squeeze.

Hannibal let out a sigh at the skin on skin contact, eyes falling shut. He pressed his forehead against Will's. His hand slid from Will's cheek down the side of his neck to his chest, brushing a knuckle over Will's nipple through his top. Will's breath hitched at the contact.

"May I?" Hannibal slid his hand further down, fingers toying with the waistband of Will's boxers.

Will's reply came after a moment of hesitation.

"Yeah..." He breathed, tilting his chin up as he spoke, nose brushing against Hannibal's. Anticipation twisted in Hannibal's gut as dry lips brushed against his own in an almost kiss. He slid his hand into Will's underwear and the soft gasp that ghosted across his lips had Hannibal's cock twitching as his fingers made contact with heated skin. Will's tongue slid out to wet his lips, making contact with Hannibal's as he did.

The touch of wetness against his mouth broke the dam. Hannibal let out a hungry growl as he pressed their lips together. Will let out a soft, startled noise into the kiss at the suddenness of the action and it spurred Hannibal on. He rolled them, dislodging both their hands for now as he grabbed Will's wrists and pinned them above his head. The covers slipped off the side of the bed to crumple in a pile on the floor. Hannibal rolled his hips down, setting a slow but firm rhythm.

Will struggled against Hannibal's grip for a moment, though Hannibal could smell the spike of his arousal. Will let out a noise of discomfort against his lips at the dry drag of fabric against his sensitive cock. They parted enough for him to gasp out a request.

“It’s too... too... ngh fuck, let me take my boxers off.” The words tumbled from Will’s lips in a rush, his body wriggling beneath Hannibal. Hannibal took pity on him, transferring Will’s wrists to one hand and using the other to tug his boxers down enough to free his erection. He spat into his palm, using the saliva to ease the sensation for Will, smearing it over the head of Will’s cock.

The baseness of the action surprised Will, having half expected the ever prepared Dr. Lecter to have maybe some lube or lotion to hand. He watched Hannibal with a slack jawed, lustful expression, eyes fixated on Hannibal’s mouth. He arched his back at the more pleasurable contact, an almost wounded noise ripping from his throat before he swallowed any further sounds, biting his lip to hold them back.

“No, let me hear you.”

“It’s embarrassing...”

“I assure you, you sound incredibly attractive. I enjoy hearing what I’m doing to you, how I’m making you feel,” Hannibal told him, freeing his own cock and wrapping his fingers around both. Will glanced down though wasn’t able to see anything between them in the dark. He whined.

“Beautiful boy,” Hannibal said, breathing heavy. He shifted to straddle Will’s thighs properly for support as he leaned down to press a kiss to Will’s lips. He pushed his tongue past Will’s slack lips, coaxing his own into action.

He suckled on Will’s tongue, teeth scraping over it briefly, resisting the urge to bite it form Will’s mouth and swallow it down. He felt Will’s cock jerk in his hand, a warm trail of precum dribbling over his fingers a moment after. It helped further slick the movements of his hand, tightening his grip each time he reached the head.

It was almost too much for Hannibal, the prolonged tease of the night catching up to him as his cock followed Will’s in leaking slick precum. He let go of Will’s wrists to grip his hair instead, pressing open-mouthed kisses along his jaw and down his neck.

Hands clutched at his back, tugging at the suddenly too warm fabric of his sleep shirt until they slid beneath it. The first scratch of nails down his spine had Hannibal letting out a heavy groan against Will’s neck, hand quickening on their cocks. The slight pain shot right through him and was nearly his undoing.

“H-haann, Hannibal... I’m gonna cum,” Will gasped beneath him, his hands moving to grip at Hannibal’s ass instead, digging his nails into the supple flesh. His given name on Will’s lips in that needy tone sounded heavenly.

“Then cum for me,” Hannibal said, his voice a low growl, accent heavy. A moment later Will did with a grunt and a sharp inhale, hips straining under Hannibal’s as he tried to rock into his grip.

The feel of warm semen against his hand and cock, and the way Will dug his nails in harder sent Hannibal over the edge. He bit down on Will’s neck as he spilled against him, hard

enough to bruise but not hard enough to break the skin. The anticipatory taste of copper still filled his senses.

Will gasped and whined as Hannibal bit and continued to stroke them both for a long moment after.

“Sensitive?” Hannibal asked as he released them, moving back to the side and laying facing Will. He tucked himself away and did the same for Will, trying to discreetly lick the semen from his hand. He cause caught in the act though Will nothing but give an assumed huff.

“Mmm, sometimes... Did you have to bite me? I’m going to have a bruise tomorrow...”

“Are you complaining about the bruise or the bite itself?”

“Bruise. I enjoyed the bite. I just... It’s a good thing it’s scarf weather. Next time maybe not somewhere so obvious,” Will said before realising what he’d implied, face heating with a blush as he rubbed his face with both hands. Something in Hannibal’s chest twisted at the confirmation that Will wasn’t opposed to this happening again.

“I’ll keep that in mind.” He was quiet for a moment. “Will, You would consider doing this again sometime? Perhaps more... consistently?”

Will pushed himself up onto his elbow and looked down at Hannibal in the dim light. The silence stretched into a full minute and Hannibal was about to retract his request when Will finally spoke.

“I’ll consider it... I... It’s just a bit sudden. Give me some time to process? I had no idea you were... interested in this way.”

“Of course. If it helps, I’ve been interested in you since I first laid eyes on you in Jack’s office.”

“I thought you just wanted to get into my head. Ferret out a few disorders to write a paper or two about.”

“I won’t deny your mind fascinates me. That is not however, my main motivation in getting to know you.”

“Yeah, I’ll... get back to you on that. But... for now can I uh... do you...” Will struggled to give voice to what he wanted, waving a hand in an arbitrary pattern in the air.

“If you don’t ask, I can’t answer.” Hannibal said with a chuckle, reaching up to take Will’s hand in his own, bringing it to his lips and kissing his knuckles.

“I’d like to uh... hold you? Or you hold me? Just... or something.” The request was awkward, and Hannibal could hear how much that embarrassed Will to ask. Instead of replying verbally, he held an arm out to the side in invitation, pulling Will’s other arm over him. The nervous tension that had stiffened Will’s frame bled from him as he settled against Hannibal with a content sigh.

“I’m more than happy to cuddle after sex.” Hannibal told him, turning his head to press a kiss to Will’s cheek, feeling the warmth of the blush there.

Sleep tugged at their eyelids, Will shifting to bury a yawn against Hannibal’s neck as Hannibal smoothed a hand down Will’s back. After a moment Hannibal was greeted with a soft snore against his skin, and a fond, sleepy smile twisted his lips for a moment before he too was lost to sleep.

End Notes

plz feed me ur comments and kudos, I am a very hungry boy. I require fuel.

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